

# A Doggz Day Afternoon

Tha Dogg Pound

Yeah! Straight up 9-5!

Kurupt the motherfuckin Kingpin, Dat Nigga Daz  
Creepin and crawlin through your hood, smokin, loccin  
Provokin punk motherfuckers like this stuff  
Wuz happenin?

In the dead of winter is when I kick my coldest phrases  
Mentalest telepathy, lyrically it amazes  
Constructioning thoughts that's as lethal as turpentine  
An expert when I flex rhymes feared like ex-cons  
In my zone (zone) you can't even find like Atlantis  
Stalk like a prayin mantis, leavin battered bodies on the canvas  
The burial ground for clowns, open casket  
Trackin niggas down like fuckin basset hounds  
Tragic how the mic gets handled  
Prodigious like a vandal on a midnight scandal  
The scramble like Randall abusive when I recite on the stage  
Double access with a brand new motherfuckin mic

Now can I grab the microphone and spit some shit that's known  
to blow the mind of Michelangelo's poems, clones get crushed like stones  
I forbid, for rusty motherfuckers to be actin like they all in  
with the click got checks that shit  
And once again it's on and it's on with the gangsta shit  
I create the beats that beats the fucks right outta ya speakers  
Amps are blown, shown for me to grab the microphone alone  
Like Jodeci, notice-see ya self needs help  
The homie style got the strap on deck  
Don't neglect the fact I can make you or break you (Break you)  
Awake you to a new plateau wit' mo' hoes  
Now the paper is made, now don't think twice  
Niggas is gettin pimped because their game ain't tight  
Now well well (well), now welcome where the ballers dwell  
Another day, another dollar, Blueberry to sell  
I makes that fast cash, hmm Dat Nigga Daz  
I'm quicker ta out slick ya, blast in half

DPG eliminates the whole area beyond the thought dismemberin  
Motherfuck surrenderin; who, what, when, let's tear shit the fuck up  
The homies coolin while you an' ya chest get fuckin blue an'  
Provoke us, survey with the superior focus  
I'm that nigga like Daz, crooked as scoliosis  
S'impossible to survive on my arrival when I arrive  
It's left to ya instict of survival  
Mashin, cashing in chips I gotta loose sadistic sick mind  
They define it I'm mentally sick, and batter  
It doesn't matter when ya into it  
Ya just entered in a war-zone all alone with ya microphone unguarded  
I just started poetical poltergeist precise and cold-hearted  
Empty, tempt me, simply ya get shot  
Ya forgot I'm down to empty out my clip on ya block  
Stop let the whole place evacuate  
wait until we're face-to-face then it escalates  
Duck-down, Kurupt clowns niggas daily, hos can't play me  
Observe I serve those that betray me

I ain't never seen a joint that I couldn't light

And I ain't never seen a buster that didn't fight  
I ain't never seen a G that would go for that  
Especially when he knows Tha Dogg Pound got his back  
I ain't never seen a game that did multiply  
We gettin kinda deep, yeah the crew and I

And who am I?

And who am I?

That crazy motherfucker from the DPG, do or die!